

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1918

## "American Soldier Husbands For French Girls Means Greater France To-Morrow"

Views of Dr. ANTOINETTE D'ARTAGNAN, French Physician on Furlough in New York After Winning High War Honors, Open Discussion of Subject Which Will Be Continued by a Series of Articles in The Evening World.

**FRENCH WIFE WILL HAVE—**  
"The best husband in the world—kind, affectionate, generous, loyal as the continental man rarely is."  
**AMERICAN HUSBAND WILL HAVE—**  
"A splendid, practical wife, a helpmate, not a mere beneficiary, who will be her husband's partner."  
**AND FRANCE WILL HAVE—**  
"A wonderful race, finer than all American or all French children—American strength, bigness, endurance blent with French quickness and nervous force."

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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LEONOR, Beatrice and Janet, three little maids from finishing school, have found another reason why they just must go to France to bathe somebody's brow or play the piano in a welfare hut. My dear, those big-eyed, frightfully chic, fascinating French girls are planning to marry all our nice men whom the Boche doesn't hurt, and never, never let them come home! It's a fact—two French newspapers have published it. SOMETHING must be done!

That, of course, is our point of view, devoted as we may be to our Ally. Conceivably, the French see with other eyes the unmistakable flowering of the newest international romance—the war wedding between the French *jeune fille* and the American boy in khaki. More than one such wedding, according to trustworthy reports, has tightened the bonds between France and the American Expeditionary Force. French writers now urge that the Franco-American household remain permanently in France—to the benefit of its future census reports. La Patrie needs, as never before, more marriages and more children.

"Will American husbands for French girls help to solve France's problem of repopulation?" I asked a distinguished French woman physician, Dr. Antoinette D'Artagnan, who is taking a furlough in New York after winning a handful of French and Belgian decorations for her magnificent patriotic service in war hospitals. She is one of the very few French physicians now to be found in America. "Marriage between your soldiers and the women of my country will be a wonderful thing for France," Dr. D'Artagnan replied earnestly. "The men of France—well, you know they are gone. And those who are left are shattered and broken with the awful strain of the last four years. The women are worn with waiting and working, yet the pressure on most of them has not been such but that they will recover."

"With French men it is different. I think that many of them, even if they marry, will never be the fathers of children. Or, if they have children, the latter will show signs of the long drawn-out agony their fathers endured. Such children will be weakened and handicapped before their birth."

"The union of fresh, young American men with French women should create a wonderful race. Your strength, bigness, endurance will be blent with our quickness and nervous force. That will be the physical result. Temperamentally, our vivacity and gaiety should give a sparkle to your fine, sober Parisianism. The children of a French mother and an American father probably would be finer than all American or all French children born in France. The former would have to be accustomed to the climate. The latter would be in-bred. France is an old country. Even with animals the fusion of two strains produces better results than constant in-breeding, and a greater people than either might arise from the union of French and Americans."

"Repopulation," added Dr. D'Artagnan, "is the great problem which France faces after the war. For at least a decade, in recent years, the birth-rate of France was less than her death-rate. There has been talk of giving a Frenchman more than one wife when peace comes. That never will work out, partly because it is against the spiritual feeling of the people, partly because a woman wants one man for herself—she does not want to share him. Anyway, I do not think the best children come from plural marriages."

"More children we must have, however. If you Americans would marry us it would be splendid!"

"Would the marriages be happy?" I suggested.

"Surely," averred Dr. D'Artagnan. "It is well known that the American husband is the best in the world—kind, affectionate, generous, loyal as the Continental man rarely is. It is perhaps not so well known, but is equally true, that the French woman is a splendid wife, and what you piled through the opening in the wall would call a practical wife. She is her husband's partner, with a broom trimmed off over the more beneficiary. She is her husband's partner."



DR. ANTOINETTE D'ARTAGNAN

husband's partner in his shop, bank, restaurant or farm work, and the two work together. People are inclined to think of the French woman as devoted only to frivolity and pleasure. That is a mistake. Everywhere, in every country, you will find the people of the demi-monde, but the true French woman is admirable. She does not even make up her face—the women of New York and Washington are the best portrait painters I have ever seen," added Dr. D'Artagnan, with a twinkle.

So Eleanor, Beatrice and Janet, you had better lose your make-up box before Johnnie comes marching home unless you want to be compared unfavorably to the natural roses of France.

"Nationally speaking," concluded the French woman physician, "intermarriage between my country and yours would increase their affection if anything could. But France and America have always loved and admired each other, and even now these feelings are so strong they can hardly be made stronger."

### New Tennis-Court Marker Quickly Made.

After trying several kinds of markers for the tennis court, a simple homemade arrangement was used with a broom and bucket of whitewash, as shown in the photograph, was found practical and inexpensive.



The marker was made of two half by four-inch strips of wood 16 feet long. The strips were placed at intervals, so that the opening between them was 1 1/2 in wide. The tennis court areas were marked off accurately by setting a line, attached to stakes, along the ground, as a guide for the placing of the marker. The whitewash was applied with a brush. The marker was found to be a practical wife. She is her husband's partner, with a broom trimmed off over the more beneficiary. She is her husband's partner."

# The Evening World Daily Magazine

## "Isle of Beauty" on the Marne

THIS BATHING PLACE OF PRETTY FRENCH GIRLS FROM PARIS, WITHIN SOUND OF THE BIG GUNS, HAS BEEN NAMED THE "ISLE OF BEAUTY" BY AMERICAN SOLDIERS, FOR REASONS WHICH THESE PHOTOGRAPHS DISCLOSE.

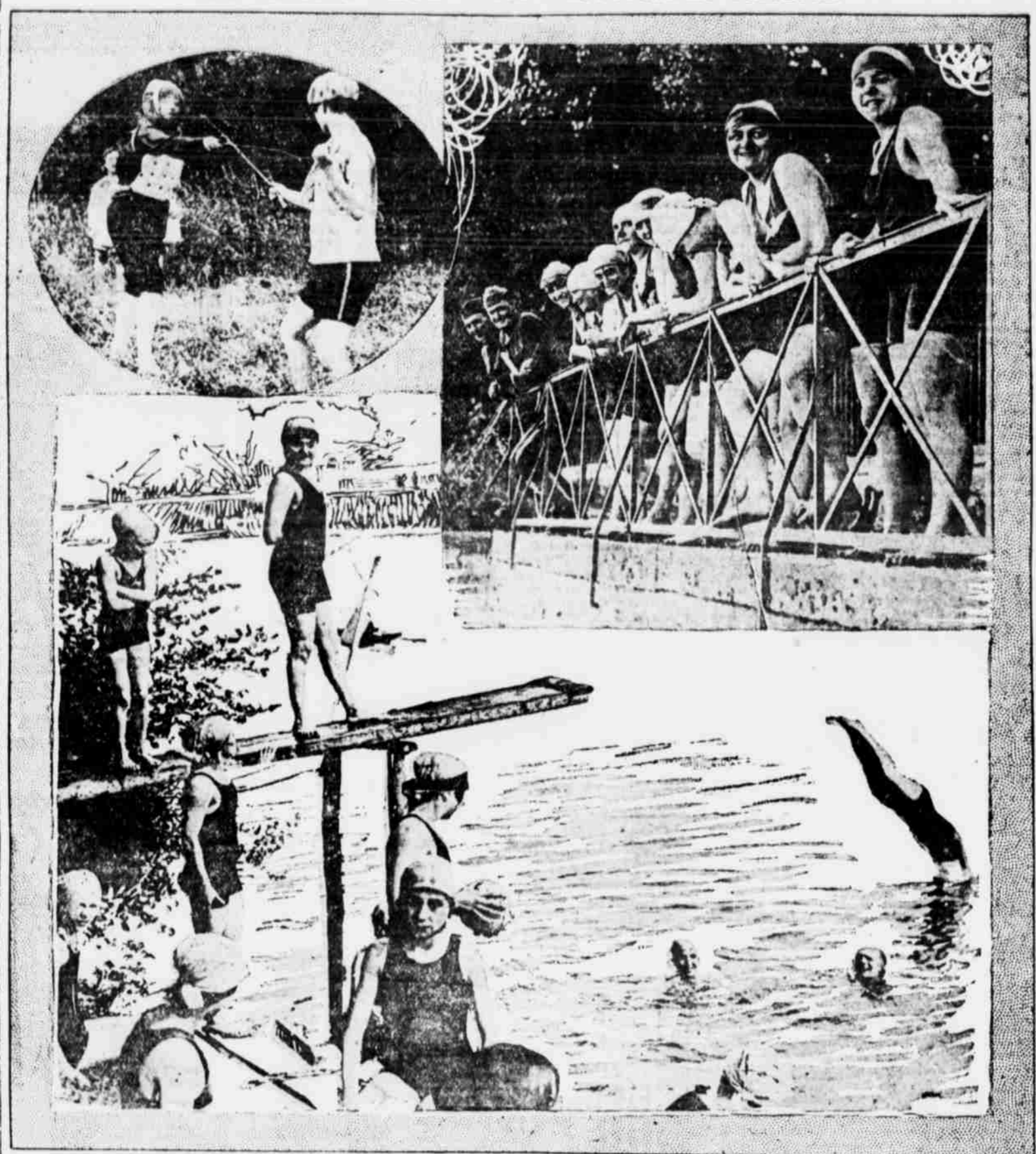


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## "Listen to Lucile"

The Newport Caterpillar Club Incites the Rapid Fire Waitress to a Riot of Conversation

By BIDE DUDLEY.

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"A FRIENDLY Patron pulled his little bag of sugar from his pocket."

"They do seem to have many hobbies," he replied. "But what brings them to your mind this morning?"

"Caterpillars?"

"Caterpillars?"

"Sure! Don't you never give the society news the once-over in the papers? Gosh, I thought you kept better tabs on our set than that. I see I got to be a social calendar for you, so here goes. The society women of Newport have formed a club to kill caterpillars. Honestly, there don't seem to be any limit to their fads and follies."

"Do you mean they're going to kill caterpillars as a sport?"

"Say, listen, friend and fellow citizen! Could you twist that thought-lump in your brain to such an extent that you could see any sport in exterminating caterpillars? I hope you ain't got the idea that it is useful to slip up on the wild little custards and shoot him before he pounces onto you and rips you limb from limb."

"All the caterpillars I met when I lived out in the rubarb of the city was very careful not to make any attempt to bite me. Oh, you men! You certainly are lapidical."

"But, as I was saying," Lucile went on, "the Newport society ladies are going to put the kibosh onto the caterpillars. Our friend, Mrs. French Vanderbilt, has been made chief of

the Caterpillar Cadets, and she has figured out a plan to have her forces attack the enemy before they can mobilize and dig in. The war cry is to be 'Let No Guilty Caterpillar Escape,' and the Cadets are to be instructed not to spare any quarter and to take no prisoners. Even the children of Newport have been called to the cause, and all have sworn to

ism, although they might be classed with snakes. However, that ain't neither here nor there in your and my young lives."

"As I was saying, they got points for the huntresses, and when one gets 1,000 she receives a nice pin with the letters 'C. C. C.' encircled on it. That means she is a 'Champion Caterpillar Catcher,' and, of course, it is a designation into society, too. I understand it's all going to end with a caterpillar banquet at which the 'C. C. C.'s will be guests of honor."

"Looks bad for the caterpillars, doesn't it?"

"Say, you said a cococonful when you dropped that remark," replied Lucile. "I understand Caterpillar Commander Vanderbilt has told the cadets to treat 'em rough. I was telling Lily, the too-head at the pie counter, about it this morning, and of course, she had to interject a lot of fool dialogue that handed some of the victims here a good laugh."

"Suppose," says Lily, "that one of them Newport social ladies is going to a society demi tasse and a caterpillar drops off a tree onto her neck—being in evening duds. What then—must her beau take a whack at it where it lands?"

"Now, that was sure a fool question. Everybody knows those social people go to their whoop-de-doo affairs in automobiles. I told Lily so, and then says: 'How's the caterpillar going to get onto her neck when she's in one of those closed toupays?'"

"Maybe the automobile leaks," she

says.

"Well, that sure got me indignant to her. I give her one look and says: 'It seems apparent that your brain leaks. I'd see a stone mason right away before you lose what little you got.'

"That sure provoked her. She just took a piece of apple pie and slammed it down so hard it bent. You see, Lily and I often have trouble because she won't keep from making inconsiderate remarks about me. She'll get no more caterpillar news from me."

"What about the question of civility in this Newport campaign?" asked the Friendly Patron.

"Now, you brought up a leading question in my mind," replied Lucile. "If it hurts you to have me step on your pet corn, why shouldn't it be a little painful if you were a caterpillar to have a society lady crack down onto you with a shingle and mash you into the next world?"

"HOLD STILL, DEAR— I'LL BLAP IT WITH MY WRIST WATCH!"

Of course, you might think it would be elite and lovely to have a beautiful social dennisen flatten you, but I don't think so.

Lucile would be cruel."

Lucile would be cruel."

Lucile would be cruel."

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## THE NEW PLAYS

### "Where Poppies Bloom" A War Play for Privates

BY CHARLES DARNTON

AFTER all it's the fellows fighting in the ranks who are going to court against the German butcher who has imagined that he can make mince meat of the world, and curiously enough, "Where Poppies Bloom," the play at the Republic Theatre, emphasizes this fact more than any other play that has been a product of wartime.

If you happen to go to the play that Roi Cooper Megrue has taken from the French of Henri Kistemakers, it may occur to you that "Where Poppies Bloom" is a war play for privates. The heroine, the near-hero and the remote villain are merely figures made of cardboard. They strike heroic attitudes but they never strike fire.

There is no excuse for thrusting Marjorie Rambeau forward as the "star" of the melodrama in more or less question, for the very good reason that this commercial product of the times was probably never meant to be a so-called star play. All the honors go, naturally enough, to an English "Tommy" and an American doughboy, both of whom are so human that they sop up your interest for all the world like a pair of sponges. First of all, Percival Knight stands out as the last actor in the company when he cocks his eye at the situation, and then Will Deming comes along with the American spirit that chokes our throats as well as our transports.

So far as these two ready-made fighters are concerned, Mr. Megrue has done very good work. But he has taken too much from the French of Kistemakers—and the name must be accepted for what it is worth—to make the play exciting melodrama, for it is more a matter of words than action. Talk triumphs over deeds.

Marianne, arrayed in ostentatious mourning, believes that her German husband has been killed fighting for France. Obviously, she is alone in her belief. We have had plays in which English and American women found their husbands married to Germans. But a woman of France—prish the thought! However, anything may go to make up a play, and accordingly, Marianne doesn't lose a moment in throwing over the German

spy who is the father of her child, and turning to the French officer who is her chaste lover. Even the old French triangle is given a new turn. It is all very well for Marianne to declare that her son is all French, but facts are facts in spite of war.

A chateau that has been shot to pieces affords a dramatic setting for the play, and the amiable slings and arrows exchanged by the soldiers who make it their headquarters give the play real interest. It doesn't matter that the German spy puts his hand through a hole of his prison and throttles a French guard who is evidently writing to his wife in English. We must make allowances for melodrama. But it is worthy of note that the German spy is killed by an American after the sounder has attempted to shoot the French successor to his wife's affections.

A shell finally bursts over the chateau and knocks it sideways, but Miss Rambeau isn't knocked out by any means. She gets on her feet and declaims with all the fervor she has given to the acts that have gone before.

Miss Rambeau is strenuous, but uninteresting. Lewis S. Stone remains unmistakably American as the German spy. As I have said, Percival Knight, as the English soldier, and Will Deming as the American doughboy, are the whole flower show of "Where Poppies Bloom."

Mr. Megrue should rewrite the play with a blue pencil.

## To an Ancient Horse

HERE, Dobbin, tottering old wreck,

You spavined, spindle-legged nag,

We offer oats. Come, eat a peck,

Or even take the whole darned bag.

You scrawny, one-eyed limping brute,

We scorned you at the Flivver's dawn.

We callously gave you the boot

And sneered at you when you were gone.

We said that gasoline outclassed

The best that any horse could do.

You bony relic of the past,

We hoped that we were through with you.

You're older, Dobbin, than you were

When last we turned you out to grass.

You're almost ready to inter—

But here's a crisis, and you'll pass.

Ah, well, the buggy's dusted out.

The rusty axles have been greased.

The harness oiled, and no doubt

You'll do three miles an hour at least.

We thought we knew a thing or two,

But Mr. Hoover—he was wiser.

So now we must appeal to you,

You knock-kneed corpse. Gott strafe der Kaiser!

## Bright Lines From New Shows.

"KEEP HER SMILING."

GRAPELY—But never mind, Henry! You got the right dope! Go on! Work like a horse for 'em and some day dey'll reward you—

HENRY—Yes.

GRAPELY—Wid a nice wreath o' flowers—"Rest in Peace."

BRACKETT—Get Truscott!

HENRY—Mr. Truscott won't be down again to-day, sir.

BRACKETT—He won't! Why not?

HENRY—He isn't feeling well.

BRACKETT—No? What's the matter?

HENRY—His wife's had twins.

BLAND—Well, there's nothing like a wife to keep a man moving.

BRACKETT—Yes, and I've seen men in my time that an extravagant wife has moved into the river—or up the river.

MERRIWEATHER—Extravagance? Henry, between you and me and the pansies, I've a strong suspicion that when you track down a so-called extravagant wife to her luxuries you'll find she didn't get them just for herself.

HENRY—No?

MERRIWEATHER—No! Why did my wife buy that car? To make me get out in the air! Why did your wife buy that piano?

HENRY—Why did she?

MERRIWEATHER—To make you dance!

HENRY—But I don't!

MERRIWEATHER—You will.

MYRA (telephoning)—Hello! Is this Mrs. Winston-Pierce? Well, this is Mrs. James Merriweather. Yes... Just rang up to find out what color you're going to wear to-night. You always have such smashing gowns. I know it would be absolutely hopeless for me to try to— What?—Why, to-night! At Mrs. Henry Trindle's... You're not going? Well! And I thought Polly told me that you— Oh, now I remember—it was Mrs. Otis, she— What?... Oh, yes, she'll be there. It's going to be quite an affair, I understand... Yes... They're coming, too... What?... You're going to wear blue?... I'm so glad... Mine's pink. Goodby!

OLD SHIPPING RECORD.

THE earliest known manifest of a vessel clearing from the port of New York bears the date 1626. The Arms of Amsterdam carried away in that year 7,246 beaver skins, together with other skins and a quantity of timber.

"LUNCHBURG" POPULAR.

S O many collations of sandwiches, coffee, &c., have been served to trainloads of hungry troops passing through Lynchburg, Va., by the patriotic women of that Southern city that the army, out of a sense of gratitude, has dubbed the place "Lunchburg."